US Economy in 1965 *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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B.U.S

Doctors Out of Step

Louis Lasagna

Laugh Off $11 Million? — *John Tunis*

Robert Frost — *Katherine G. Chapin*

New Yorker Bobby — *Murray Kempton*

Some Stood Up — *Cape Town Report*

A Trip to China — *Ross Terrill*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Wide Angle View

★ This is year-end, so let's take a wide-ranging view of things in general.

The President: The countdown on the first budget of the Great Society has begun in Texas. It's not much use speculating at this late point. Before leaving here, LBJ had two long evening seminars with separate batches of news bureau chiefs, nearly everyone of whom wrote a guarded piece about it. LBJ did virtually all the talking. He was confident, relaxed. He sought to establish a mollifying mood. No, he wasn't going to abuse his mandate. "Restraint," "moderation," "go-slow," "consensus" were key words. He left them guessing. Was he really diluting his program; or was he just disarming possible critics? Nobody could say. The two basic facts are: LBJ has more effective power in Congress right now than he probably ever will have again; and, second, a President can't pick up a "consensus," he has to make it . . . he has to take the lead. Mr. Johnson is an activist, not a deep intellectual; he has bought, ready-made as it were, a whole body of new ideas from the dozen or so secret task forces that he set up: enough cerebral ammunition for eight years. Now it's up to him. Our fear is timidity.

The Congress: Three political leadership fights are going on.

1) Senate Democrats are picking a new assistant leader, probably from among Long, La., Monroney, Okla., and Pastore, R. I. In the past Congress, Monroney supported 84 percent of Kennedy-Johnson key issues, Pastore 70 percent, Long 57 percent. Long opposed the test ban treaty, Medicare and civil rights.

2) Defeated Republicans, meanwhile, are having a jolly leadership fight; it has a mordant interest, like the Trojan scuffle over the corpse of Hector. As for GOP national chairman, it looks more and more as though Dean Burch will go.

3) The other GOP battle is over the House leadership. The duel between present leader Charles Halleck (64) of Indiana, and challenger Gerald Ford (51) of Michigan, has no more ideology than the fang and claw fight for leadership in Mowgli's wolf pack; both men are arch-conservatives. Halleck, with the bulbous nose, who looks like W. C. Fields, threw out old and ailing Joe Martin in 1959, when the latter was 74. Now it may be his turn. The few GOP liberals, under Rep. Lindsay, N. Y., hold a balance of power and are trying to wangle some concessions.

The War: We are losing the war in Vietnam. Things are going from bad to worse. It's hard to conceal it, though many consider it unpatriotic to face it. The US would like to "buy out" with a compromise if we could, but it's hard to see how. The war hawks want to extend the conflict – try bombing or, in the last resort, sink an army in Asia. To his credit, LBJ apparently vetoes this. But to extricate ourselves is another matter. Here again the public would probably follow the President. But to follow, somebody must lead.

Bread-and-Butter Liberalism

★ *The Great Society: Electric Power Division:* It took three years to write the report; you ought to know about it. That's the monumental report of the so-called National Power Survey. It says that in 15 years, in 1980, the country will be using three times as much electricity as now, and that the cost will come down maybe 27 percent because of expansion and technology. That means a saving of "around $11 billion."

The question is, Who gets it? TRB thinks that a lot of people – young people particularly – don't really understand what liberalism is. It can be foggy and exalted, of course; or it can be spelled out in matter-of-fact, pragmatic terms. This bread-and-butter power issue is symbolic of the latter. It's possible in a country like the US to plan 15 years ahead, and to decide how things shall turn out. In the mid-'30's, Democratic liberals set up the Rural Electrification Administration that revolutionized farm life; they created the TVA and Columbia River projects as "yardsticks" for private companies. No wonder they were called socialistic!

Today the battle is different. The Federal Power Commission, at present dominated by liberals under chairman Joseph Swidler, wants a kind of public-private competitive cooperation to see that the $11 billion in savings reach the consumers. Private utilities are balking (like the doctors over Medicare). There are now two vacancies on the five-man FPC, and Mr. Swidler's own term expires fairly soon. The FPC is going to umpire this big struggle. LBJ makes the appointments. Here is a simple, specific case in which the liberal goal is evident, and in which the Presidential appointive power, one way or another, probably makes the difference.

The Great Society: Antitrust Division: In 1960 Judge Ganey in Philadelphia found 29 huge electrical companies, led by General Electric, guilty of flagrant conspiratorial price-fixing; sent some executives to jail, and slapped on the punitive provisions of the antitrust law which subjects guilty companies to triple damages. Over 1,900 civil damage suits have been filed, with as much as $400-million damages involved. "Teach them a lesson!" said the public, grimly.

But what has happened? The Internal Revenue Service ruled last summer that these damages come under the category of "ordinary and necessary" business expenses, and hence *are tax deductible.* See what that means! Instead of applying the burden to the guilty company the cost is used to reduce taxes which the company would otherwise have to pay. You and I are taxpayers, we didn't engage in the price conspiracy. In fact it was directed against us; and yet you and I as taxpayers are called upon to foot the cost of the damages, because the supposed penalty goes to reduce taxes which the defendants would otherwise bear.

This IRS decision has caused howls of rage in Congress: Sen. Hart (D, Mich.), and Rep. Celler (D, NY), in particular, are looking into it.

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The US Economy in 1965

"A slow sort of country," said the Queen. "Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" – *Through The Looking-Glass And What Alice Found There.*

The economic prognosticators have peered into their crystal balls to see what 1965 holds in store. Most of them expect the economy to grow a bit more slowly than in 1964: maybe by 3.5 percent, instead of five percent. They are trying to anticipate the effects of a possible steel strike in May, and are worried that new construction in 1965 may be less than half what it was in 1964, by volume as well as by value. But their calculations could prove too gloomy; for instance, if capital spending by firms were to be closer to another 14 percent rise in 1965 than to the eight percent the soothsayers are talking about. They underestimated capital spending in 1964.

The really interesting thing about the predictions, however, lies not in rival sets of figures, but in the feelings they provoke. By one school of thought, even a 3.5 percent growth rate is looked forward to as by no means bad, considering the US economy has been on an upward swing for four years, without inflationary price rises. But another school – to which *The New Republic* owns it belongs – would regard even another five percent advance in growth in 1965 as falling sadly short of any reasonable mark, if it entailed a continuation of unemployment at five percent of the labor force. The difference between the two schools of thought is sharp and clear: the infallible litmus test for distinguishing between them is the degree of unemployment that each is prepared to tolerate. The one school is all aglow about stability of the wholesale price index having been maintained for an unheard-of five years, and about the Gross National Product having risen 25.3 percent, industrial production 27 percent, personal incomes 21.5 percent and corporate profits 64 percent (*after* taxes) since 1961. The other school – which, to repeat, includes *The New Republic* – forbears to give more than one or at the most two cheers over this performance, and persists in worrying about the overhang of unused manpower and plant that stubbornly accompanies the steady growth. What sort of Great Society is it that boasts of getting steadily richer, while tolerating an unemployment rate that has been recently as high as seven, and is not seriously expected to stay below

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – The US Economy in 1965, No Room at the Top, Consolidating Departments, New Signal: Go Slow 3

Senator Kennedy – Provincial New Yorker – *Murray Kempton* 6
Some Stood Up – *A Special Correspondent* 7
A Trip to China – *Ross Terrill* 9
Laugh Off $11 Million? – *John R. Tunis* 11
Why Are Doctors Out of Step? – *Louis Lasagna* 13

BOOKS – *Reviews by Katherine Garrison Chapin, Wolf Von Eckardt, Gerald W. Johnson* 16
FILMS *by Stanley Kauffmann* 21
CORRESPONDENCE 22

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five percent in the next 12 months? (The latter figure moreover conceals a 15 percent unemployment rate for the yearly increment of 3.5 million 18-year-olds.)

The rate of national economic growth was sustained in 1964 by the stimulus to spending that was provided by the cut in income taxes. Unfortunately this contains a sort of built-in nemesis; if the nation's economic growth rate is sustained at, say, four percent, federal tax receipts grow by about $6 billion annually. This is a formidable annual addition to have to offset by more spending, by the federal government, the state governments and the private sector. Yet if it is not offset, most economists seem to agree, there is not much chance of making a serious dent in unemployment. In order to bring down unemployment, we must adopt the rules of the Looking-Glass country, and keep running faster all the time: which is to say, continually spend more. This is what so many people, brought up on a completely contrary theory of thrift and accumulation equaling economic virtue, find it so hard to understand; even when it is added that the increased spending need not and indeed should not be on useless things, but can and should be on worthwhile things, like more and better schools, and more and better (and cheaper) housing.

It seems likely that in 1965, some excise taxes will be cut, by at least $550 million and perhaps by as much as $2 billion. But even a really deep cut in excise taxes will probably not stimulate overall growth to the point where unemployment is forced well below five percent of the labor force. This might happen were the excise taxes to be repealed on liquor ($3.6 billion), tobacco ($2 billion) and highway users ($3.5 billion); but that is improbable and on other grounds would be objectionable. Two other courses are open: the Johnson Administration could set about a thoroughgoing reform of the entire income-tax structure, with a view to relieving the lower-income groups of some of their present tax burden (in 1964, the rich got more relief than the poor did); or else the government could spend more money itself instead of permitting relieved taxpayers to spend it. Some economists courageously advocate both courses, with a lighter direct and indirect tax burden on lower income groups and also increased federal spending on aid to housing and urban renewal, bigger old-age insurance and pension payments, and very much larger federal spending on education, health and manpower retraining, as well as expanding programs for Appalachia and other economically distressed regions. President Johnson has to decide whether such heroic medicine would constitute a "reckless, dangerous, novel or unique course," such as he promised businessmen, in November, that he would avoid. His State of the Union message to Congress on January 4 ought to be revealing.

No Room at the Top

Younger Republican members of the House of Representatives made their play for power in party councils on December 16 at a GOP caucus in the House chamber. They failed. "There will be no discussion of personalities or the House leadership," said Representative Gerald R. Ford of Michigan, chairman of the conference and the man who hopes to succeed old Charlie Halleck as minority leader. After the caucus was under way, Ford stressed to newsmen: "We haven't discussed it [the leadership] and won't." Late in the afternoon a group of 20 young and more progressive Republicans tried to force the caucus to go on record for or against the Republican Governors' Conference declaration, which has been widely interpreted as a slap at GOP national chairman Dean Burch. Under the Ford agenda, however, their move came under "other business" at the end of the session. It was too late; most members already had caught their planes for home. There was also an effort to appoint a task force to develop an alternative to the Administration's Medicare program. But Charles Halleck wasn't enthusiastic about that, and it fizzled out. Shortly thereafter, the most attractive of the "young Turks" – John V. Lindsay – left town, not to return until Congress convenes.

The pity is that among the House Republicans are some bright, articulate, younger men like Silvio Conte of Massachusetts, and Lindsay and Charles Goodell of New York. But the Lindsays and Goodells are toward the bottom of the House Republican ladder. A measure of their importance is their treatment by the Washington press corps. Goodell met with newsmen on the day of the caucus and outlined what could be the basis for an effective Republican opposition to the Democratic attempt to reform the House rules. His comments either were left out of stories or were in the last paragraph. The day before the caucus, Lindsay spoke to the Women's National Press Club on "Whither the Republican Party?" In what could have been a liberal Republican battle cry, he said that the GOP "must get off the negative and on to the positive." He made the society pages in Washington and page 22 of *The New York Times*. It is not that newsmen are deliberately passing up stories; it is that the comments of the powerful Hallecks and the Fords take precedence.

It is no accident that men like Halleck, Ford and Leslie Arends of Illinois have top rank among House Republicans. A very simple system is in operation, designed to perpetuate their influence and pull their friends up the ladder. An example of how the system works came two years ago. Louis C. Wynn, who as attorney general of New Hampshire had shown himself to be an apt pupil of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, was elected to represent the First Congres-

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sional District of that state in the House. He was immediately, as a freshman, assigned to the important Appropriations Committee. Other members who needed votes on Appropriations for pet projects would be willing to do him favors in hopes that he would reciprocate. And, of course, he could funnel federal money into his own congressional district while declaiming against federal handouts on the House floor.

If Halleck and Ford carry their contest for the leadership post down to the end, representatives like Lindsay will throw their weight behind the man who offers them the most opportunity to be heard; or they might run a candidate of their own. In any case, they will accomplish little. They can't elect one of their own, and the replacement of Charles Halleck by Ford isn't going to make much difference. Charles B. Hoeven was replaced as chairman of the Republican conference by Ford two years ago; a younger voice was heard in the higher party councils, but that was the only change. There seems to be no room at the top in the House for Republicans who are for something – especially if they're for old-fashioned Republican progressivism.

Consolidating Departments

Fourteen years ago the Hoover Commission recommended pulling together the government's fragmented resources programs into a new Department of Natural Resources. Nothing happened; these functions still are divided among Interior, Agriculture, and Health, Education and Welfare. Senator Morse, for one, still thinks the Hoover Commission report should be implemented, and now serious arguments are being made at the White House to go one step further: revamp and enlarge the Interior Department, then combine it with Agriculture in a single Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources. In structure, this new unit would resemble Defense, with one overall secretary and one secretary in charge of each of the two major branches.

By thus consolidating the two departments most concerned with rural affairs the President might be in a better position to push for that Department of Urban Affairs, which Mr. Kennedy was denied. Conservationists and the economy-minded as well as big city and labor groups might find themselves politically allied. Such a reorganization would also transform Agriculture into something more like a department that Secretary Orville Freeman wants – the emphasis being on the broader problems of rural life rather than the narrower problems of crop surplus and declining farms.

The natural resources section would include present Department of Interior agencies (minus, perhaps, the Indian Bureau which could be removed to HEW), plus the Forest Service, Soil Conservation Service and Rural Electrification Administration (now all in Agriculture); and HEW's water and air pollution programs and the open space programs of the Housing and Home Finance Agency. This last provides money for cities to buy land for parks. Grouped together under the Secretary of Natural Resources would be the nation's programs for water and land management, as well as development and administration of public power.

On paper at least, the plan seems sensible. Yet irrespective of how the administrative charts read, some chronic ills of entrenched bureaucracy would remain. For instance, despite Stewart Udall's good leadership, Interior Department policies must constantly contend with damaging pressures from special interest groups, oil and mining to name two. Nothing in the reorganization changes that. Then there is the Bureau of Reclamation, a formidable part of Interior; it persists in trying to reclaim land for agricultural uses, whether the need exists or not. At this moment, the Bureau is involved in a dumb-headed scheme to damage the unique grandeur of the Grand Canyon by building huge dams for electricity when there are other means to make the power.

COMING: *An article by Alastair Buchan on the changing shape of the Atlantic Alliance*

New Signal: Go Slow

Whenever one government says to another "you must," it runs the risk of being told "we won't." That is what happened when the US told its Atlantic allies that there must be a multilaterally-owned and manned fleet of 25 surface ships armed with 200 Polaris missiles, and soon. Last week, taking note of de Gaulle's unalterable opposition to the US-sponsored MLF and the reluctance of almost every other West European power to go along, President Johnson wisely pulled back. During the same week, the Special Assistant for NATO Multilateral Force Negotiations, Gerard Smith, submitted his resignation. Ambassador Smith had been touring West European capitals putting the heat on.

The new word from the White House came in the

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form of a memorandum, the effect of which is to correct an error implicit in Mr. Johnson's signature last spring of instructions calling for action on MLF by the end of 1964. Henceforth, Mr. Johnson now says, there will be "no pressure tactics," "no deadline," and most important of all, no threats of "going it alone with the West Germans." The memorandum puts the damper on an improvident, gung-ho spirit which has animated MLF advocates in the State Department and in the US delegation at NATO headquarters. It reflects Talleyrand's golden rule for diplomats: not too much zeal.

Senator Kennedy – Provincial New Yorker

The complaint in New York when he ran last fall was that Robert Kennedy was a national politician with no interest in the state; the complaint in Washington may well be that he seems to have no concern larger than the needs of his state. He will not be a conspicuous Senator for a long while, because that is the nature of an institution where juniors speak only when spoken to; and because he is not easy with his elders. He is gay, even now, only with the very young.

His children have spent all their lives in Washington; his decade there began as a junior member of a Senate committee staff and ended as Attorney General of the United States. Washington is his real home; yet the thought of returning there obviously gives him no joy. His most satisfactory working hours since his election have been spent traveling upstate New York talking to his constituents.

He comes home to the capital, after all, as an outsider. If he were less different, he might be imagined as the only focus of discontent in a city otherwise insulated against all slight disturbances. But the last trace of his wound seems to be a heart that expects very little.

He traveled, along with the other new Democratic legislators, to Washington for an orientation lesson offered by the Democratic National Committee. Those so-recent cabinet colleagues who were among his teachers seemed strangers to him.

"All that was talked about was economy in government," he says. "Rusk made a good speech about foreign policy, but everyone else talked about how the main thing was to save money. I'm afraid you lose perspective in Washington." And he adds, "We have to concentrate on our own failures. A child in Harlem loses 10 points on his IQ between the fourth grade and the eighth grade. And I talked to a jeweler the other day and he said that he had never known people to have so much money. And then I go upstate, and do you know that the Mohawk Valley is as bad as Appalachia?

"Is there anything as important as just the fact that a child grows up in this country and by the time he is four years old, his life is known: he will be unsuccessful and a derelict."

It is hardly three years since President Kennedy was at the crest of public favor, and there were then voices in Washington wondering aloud when he would recognize that popularity is a kind of capital and withers from lack of use. It is odd – but not unexpected – that Robert Kennedy's should be one of the voices which has come to ask that question about the Johnson Administration. "It worries me a little," he says, "when I read these stories about how much the President is thinking about Roosevelt and how he lost his popularity in 1936, because he did too much. But you can lose popularity by doing something or you can lose it by doing nothing. You lose it anyway. It's there to be spent."

The tone has in it no lack of respect or affection for Mr. Johnson; it is rather the tone of loss and of the memory of the days when his brother put things off because a proper time for them would come and of the unchanging sorrow of knowing now that there was no time. That is the failure which oppresses Robert Kennedy. That is why his first choice of a Senate committee is Education and Labor, even though it is the least convenient seat for him to aspire to, because his brother and his senior Senator are both members. Foreign Relations would not attract him greatly if he could have it: "We made a change in the world we found in October, 1962, and from now on I think that this is a situation which will turn out all right if it is handled with reasonable skill and energy. But for us to mean anything we must mean it here in our country."

As for Judiciary, "I want to put all that behind me. Most of all I don't want to start an investigation."

Very plainly, the memory of the voters means more to Robert Kennedy than the prospect of the office.

"We just don't know in Washington how eager people are to do things about their lives now. Again and again I go to these communities; they have great problems and yet people would say to me 'This is the first time we've ever had a meeting'. Working with the local communities you see so much potential. *That part* excites me."

Perhaps he rather wishes he were the mayor of one of those towns. He is beginning again, but in the Mohawk Valley and not in Washington. When he gets back to what had before almost always been his home, he will feel as freshmen Senators do, a little useless and too far from his roots. MURRAY KEMPTON

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Some Stood Up

From A Special Correspondent
Cape Town

"My lord!" said the 22-year-old white student in the dock, "I joined this organization because, at the time, I thought it would succeed in its purpose of bringing about a change of heart in the electorate, resulting in effect being given to the legitimate aspirations and rights of the non-white people of this country." The student, David Guy ("Spike") de Keller, was explaining why he had joined the National Committee of Liberation, later known as the African Resistance Movement, which committed acts of sabotage in South Africa in August-November, 1963, and in June, 1964. In the Western Cape Province, where de Keller was a member, the organization blew up power pylons, destroyed railway installations and attempted to blow up the South African Broadcasting Corporation's radio tower in Cape Town.

De Keller, good-looking and well-dressed, stood erect in the dock, reading from a statement. He said that although he had taken part in sabotage activities, he was "absolutely opposed to violence directed at human life or limb." He said that he was neither a Socialist nor a Communist. His parents were in court when the judge-president sentenced him to 10 years' imprisonment. Two days before de Keller's arrest, his well-to-do father had bought him a $6,000 Italian-built sports car. During the trial in the Supreme Court, Cape Town, the gleaming, metallic-color car had stood in front of the court building, where "Spike" could see it as he was driven to the trial each day in a police van. A pair of cord breeches, neatly folded, and a pair of string gloves lay on the seat.

De Keller's co-accused, 30-year-old colored photographer, Edward Joseph Daniels, was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment. Daniels described his background of poverty and his distress at the conditions in which the 14 million non-whites in South Africa live. He referred to the "cruel, humiliating" pass laws and said he felt it his duty to protest. He joined the Liberal Party, and then the African Resistance Movement. The judge told him and de Keller: "You should have realized that by dynamiting you would not have coerced one single person into sharing your views."

Daniels was one of the few non-whites in the African Resistance Movement, which was composed largely of university lecturers and students and journalists. In the police raids during July, 1964, which preceded the recent wave of sabotage trials, nearly a dozen young white university lecturers and nearly three dozen white students were detained. Some have been convicted and sentenced; others are still being held in solitary confinement; the rest have been released, or have turned state's evidence. It was essentially an intellectual revolt, idealistic, amateurish and not supported by a mass movement, particularly not a non-white movement.

Originally, de Keller and Daniels appeared in court with three other young whites: Stephanie Kemp, 23-year-old physiotherapist and former University of Cape Town student; Anthony Andrew Trew, 26, clerk, grandson of a former South African Commissioner of Police; and Alan Keith Brooks, 24, lecturer in African government and law at the University of Cape Town. They admitted belonging to the National Committee of Liberation, but denied committing acts of sabotage, and their trials were separated. Kemp was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, of which three years were suspended; Trew and Brooks were each sentenced to four years' imprisonment, of which two years were suspended. All three of them, therefore, are serving two-year sentences.

In Durban, David Evans, 29, journalist, and John Laredo, 32, lecturer at Rhodes University, Grahamstown, were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment (the minimum penalty for sabotage is five years' imprisonment and the ultimate penalty is death). In Johannesburg, three members of the National Committee of Liberation were sentenced to imprisonment. They were: Bertram Martin Hirson, 40, lecturer in physics at the University of the Witwatersrand (Johannesburg) one to 19 years; Hugh Lewin, 24, and Raymond Eisenstein, 27, journalists – seven years each.

Why did young white intellectuals, from comfortable middle-class homes, embark on sabotage, knowing that they could be hanged for it? Said Hirson: "We were intellectuals, not politicians. Our only common denominator was our intense dislike of racial discrimination." Later, he changed his mind about sabotage, but another member of the group, Dennis Higgs (who escaped to Northern Rhodesia, was kidnapped by South African agents, and then released following protests by the British authorities) rejected Hirson's argu-

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ment, telling him that his view was academic and his attitude cowardly. Lewin, son of an Anglican priest, told the court that he had wanted to become a priest, but after completing his Bachelor of Arts degree at Rhodes University he felt he was not yet fit for the rigors of priesthood. His father had brought him up to believe that all men were entitled to loving respect and this had been strengthened by visits he had paid to the brothers of the Community of the Resurrection in an African area of Johannesburg. There he had visited Africans in their homes and had learned how embittered they were by the discriminatory legislation. "The difference between their condition and that of even the lowliest whites seemed to negate the whole of Christianity, which is the basis of my whole life."

Trew said before being sentenced: "I felt a very personal sense of guilt. I felt that if one thought a situation was morally wrong, one had a moral obligation to do something about it." Trew was about to leave for Oxford, England, to continue his studies there, when he was arrested.

The revolt of the young intellectuals is the latest of a series of revolts by white and non-white South Africans against the apartheid laws of the Verwoerd government. Since January, 1963, about 1,300 persons have been convicted and sentenced on charges under the Suppression of Communism Act and the Sabotage Act. Of these, 45 were sentenced to death and 14 to life imprisonment. The two major African political organizations, the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress, were banned in 1960, and their underground offshoots, "The Spear of the Nation" (dedicated to sabotage) and "Poqo" (dedicated to terrorism) were in due course crushed. Parallel with the revolt of the young white intellectuals, there is a trial in Johannesburg of 14 alleged members of the banned Communist Party. This brings the extra-parliamentary opposition in South Africa (the violent opposition, that is) pretty well to the end of the road.

One of the leaders of the African Resistance Movement in Cape Town, Adrian Leftwich, turned state's evidence and was taken to Johannesburg as well, as a kind of touring witness; his evidence helped materially to convict his former colleagues. After Leftwich had given evidence in the de Keller-Daniels trial, the judge-president remarked that one of the defense lawyers had referred to Leftwich as a "rat." The judge-president said he had not objected to the appellation at the time, but on reflection he wondered "whether it is not a trifle hard on the *genus rattus*." Leftwich broke down in the witness box. Gripping the sides of the box, he hung his head and shouted hysterically: "O God, how I loathe apartheid and all that it means. . . . This tragedy I lay at the door of that system. . . . I am 24 years old. . . . We have been stupid." Then Leftwich added: "I realized that what we did was, in itself, stupid and futile, although I do not believe that the ideals underlying it were stupid or futile. They remain valid to me."

Leftwich was not the only ARM member to turn state's evidence. His 26-year-old girl friend, Lynette van der Riet, also went to court as a state witness. She described how she had kept two suitcases of explosives in her flat, including detonators "and all sorts of things." When Leftwich was arrested, she hurriedly transferred the explosives to the garage of a flat occupied by a student-member of the ARM. When the police called to interrogate the student, he asked them to wait a minute, escaped by the back door, and got to Swaziland. Miss van der Riet described how she was recruited into the ARM by Robert Watson, 32-year-old former British soldier (in Malaya as a demolitions expert), who was taking an honors course in social anthropology at the University of Cape Town. Watson, an admirer of Lawrence of Arabia, also fled the country and is now in Britain. All these state witnesses spent months in "90-day detention" – in solitary confinement, without access to visitors or reading matter. This detention law is to be suspended on January 11, following nationwide protests at its "inhumanity."

The African Resistance Movement lies in ruins. Ten of its members are in jail. One other, John Harris, has been sentenced to death for planting a bomb in a suitcase in the Johannesburg railway station, thereby causing the death of a 77-year-old woman and injuring many others. At least six other leading ARM members have escaped from the country and are now in Britain.

But this is not the end of the sorry business. The Verwoerd government is turning its attack now against the English-language universities in South Africa which it has long accused of nurturing subversion. It points out that Leftwich was a former president of the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS); that Hugh Lewin was a former NUSAS president of international relations; that Neville Rubin, now in London, who was arrested in Mozambique earlier this year, but released following protests by the British authorities, was also a former NUSAS president – and a leading member of the ARM; and that Jonty Driver, NUSAS president until September, 1964, was taken into detention by the security police, although later released and allowed to leave for Britain. NUSAS protests that Driver's innocence was implied by his release, and that the other NUSAS leaders had acted in their private capacities when they joined the ARM.

NUSAS clearly is bracing itself for a massive government attack; and so are the English-language universities. The Minister of Justice has taken it upon himself as a personal "responsibility" to see that students are "protected" against further indoctrination.

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A Trip to China

by Ross Terrill

Peking

My interpreter, for whose attendance at the airport I paid $2, led me off past a large white statue of Mao which dominates the foyer of the airport building, and into the waiting taxi (Soviet) for the long drive to the Hsin Chiao Hotel. As is customary in Peking, the driver made excessive use of the horn, sending little boys scurrying and wagons hauled by old men lurching to one side at the last possible moment. I have seen drivers tooting the horn on a deserted road, and boys wheeling a bicycle along but ringing the bell constantly, just for the pleasure of the noise. If there were one-tenth the cars in Peking that there are in San Francisco, people would be deaf within the hour.

Coming in along the East Changan Avenue, I saw the bones of the city as it has always been, superbly symmetrical, full of walls and gates and temples with their flame-and aqua-colored tiles glittering in the sun. The avenue is four times the width of a normal boulevard, and it swarms with bicycles loaded with merchandise. Amidst this tangle, like carp among the minnows, the occasional car toots its way, and the efficient autobuses – many hooked together with folding canvas connections, giving a caterpillar effect – plough steadily on with their capacity crowds stuffed inside.

Our driver dashed ahead at 50 miles an hour, then coasted for a quarter of a mile – a maddening procedure which I thought at the time meant engine trouble, but learned later was done in order to save gasoline. We passed the new diplomatic compound, very ugly compared with the old Legation Street area in which the Western powers were once so well set up, and then a large building in a basically traditional style with a portrait of Mao Tse-tung big enough to be recognizable 300 yards away high above its entrance. This was the new railway station, built, from the moment of its design to the last coat of paint, in the extraordinary time of 10 months. Western journalists later confirmed to me that buildings do in fact spring up in a matter of weeks, in fierce bursts of concentration and organization. Trees arrive fully grown in boxes, and are lowered dramatically into waiting holes.

The Hsin Chiao Hotel is hard against a portion of the Old Wall, with its "thickness of full 10 paces at the bottom," and it overlooks the blue magnificence of the Temple of Heaven on one side and the inner workings of a public hospital on the other. The foyer is large and polished like a bank, and the accommodation is good. A room with two beds, two armchairs, a bathroom, a telephone (but nowhere to put clothes other than hung clothes) costs $7. You can dial for a weather forecast, for theater tickets, or to subscribe to a magazine. But from my experience it is not easy to dial a private Peking number. Such calls have to go through the Travel Service; arrangements to meet a Chinese can generally only be made in the same way. It is difficult to be "private" and even more difficult to be "anonymous" in Peking – though not impossible, as I later discovered when I called upon a Chinese protestant leader, Chao Fu San. I offered a tip on the first morning and got a lecture about the absurdity of tipping in a society where everything belongs to everyone. Many times thereafter I tried to tip – for the service was sometimes outstandingly good – but it was never accepted. Instead of tips they accepted letters of appreciation, and their common-room on my floor had several such letters pinned to the wall. The rooms have keys but they are generally left in the doors. It seems impossible to lose anything, and even if you discard something deliberately it will often turn up, triumphantly returned by a zealous room-boy.

One evening I was dining with a Canadian journalist in the hotel when a barman came in and handed me my wallet. I had apparently dropped it two hours previously. My first reaction I must admit was to look and see if all was intact. My Canadian friend quickly restrained me: "It would be an insult to look in the wallet just after he has returned it to you. Look later on and you will find the wallet as you left it." He was right, and he had good reason for his confidence because he lives in the hotel, with his room unlocked and many things of considerable value in it. Anyone, incidentally, who has been to Hong Kong will appreciate that the honesty of New China is a social, not a racial phenomenon.

Often in the hotel elevator (an Otis, which predates Communist rule) I hear snatches of French, and the officials tell me that this year more visitors have come from France than from any other country. They stride

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out into the terrible August heat in Parisian clothes, and bear it all with less grumbling than the British; they are treading the long carpet which their President threw majestically eastward in early 1964, and they must do it well because the world is watching.

The second most frequent visitors to China in 1964 have been the Japanese – leaving aside the overseas Chinese, who are very numerous and for whom special hotels are provided – and after them the British. Our hotel does not reflect this order because it is filled at the moment with Laotian dancers – superb creatures – and Cambodian ping-pong players. A number of Zanzibaris are here, for a three months' "tour of goodwill," and they are the first Africans I have ever met outside Africa who speak no French or English at all. Not that it matters for their visit, since there are Chinese interpreters who speak their native tongue, and a number of other African languages. Among the veteran guests at the Hsin Chiao at the moment are several Hungarians who have come to sell locomotives and radio parts. From them I hear the bitterest of many bitter remarks about the hardships, to a European, of life in Peking. They complain about the administrative arbitrariness of the officials, and about the heat. One of them, a young engineer who longs for the night life of Budapest, carries with him a piece of paper on which he crosses off one by one the days until his departure.

There are times when I envy my African acquaintances their organized tour – especially when their large black cars roll up for them, alongside the battered Morris I have for a taxi, and when I realize how much money I am paying for my private visit. But at other times, when they come in at night with expressions of glazed boredom, I am glad of my independence. "What hoops have you been through today?" I asked one of them on a night like this. "Have one guess." "A textile factory." "No, that was yesterday." "A children's palace." "Yes."

The Pride of Peking

One part of Peking which was not in the city Marco Polo saw, though it is in excellent harmony with the grandeur of the old city, is the collection of ceremonial structures put up in a semi-traditional style since the Communists took over. The greatest of these "hymns of praise" in stone is the breathtaking Great Hall of the People –1,100 feet long, and containing an auditorium for 10,000 people, each one of whom has his individual loudspeaker. It is one of the most beautiful modern buildings in the world, built in less than a year, partly by volunteer help, and it is no wonder that it is the pride of Peking.

Outside this Great Hall, in the middle of a square called Tien An Men which is about five times as big as St. Peter's Square in Rome, stands the squat bulk – 10,000 tons of stone – of the Monument called "To the People's Heroes," one of the emotional nerve centers of Peking. Inscribed on one side of it are the words of Mao: "The People's Heroes Are Immortal," and around its base are eight bas-reliefs depicting revolutionary events from the "Burning of the Opium" in 1839, to the "Crossing of the Yangtze River" in 1949. I sat down on a marble step to study the bas-reliefs, but a soldier came and helped me up; apparently you admire the People's Heroes standing up or not at all. All around the monument scores of young people were doing military drill, most of them in civilian clothes but performing with military precision. I was rather pleased to notice some cheeky boys calling out remarks at one group which got out of step. Both the group and the boys ended up roaring with laughter.

Opposite the Great Hall is another of the notable new public buildings, the much revered Museum of the Chinese Revolution. Paying the twopence which is the price of admission to all such public places, I mounted the stairs with due gravity and surrendered myself to a tight-lipped guide in blue trousers and a straight white smock. A number of boys and girls were copying notes from the exhibits of how the imperialists carved up the motherland (it is always motherland in China, not fatherland). Some of them were making sketches of portraits of revolutionary leaders, including Stalin, and of posters from the May 4 Movement of 1919 and other uprisings.

A pleasant way to get around Peking on a summer day is in a pedicab, known formerly as a rickshaw. Almost invariably they are patched and propped in a dozen places, and the reason is that the government frowns upon them and in a cautious effort to eliminate them makes it difficult or impossible to obtain the necessary repairs and replacements. The delights of the pedicab are the open-air ride, the leisured pace which facilitates real sightseeing, and the absence of a tooting horn. The drawbacks are the sometimes precarious seating arrangements, and the feeling that people think you are being unsocialist.

One afternoon I took a ride out by the Forbidden City, now a swarming playground, down avenues which bore witness to the current passion for tree-planting – one had 15 rows of trees – and on through the steamy haze, rent with the shrill orchestral assault of cicadas, to the Peking Library. The head librarian, clad like everyone else in a simple shirt, shapeless trousers and sandals, led me through the airy reading rooms and the rare-book rooms. Among the 6 million books and 9,000 periodicals there were many foreign ones; I looked up the name of C. Wright Mills and found four of his books in English. There is a special room where you read the works of Mao, and another

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for works of Marxism-Leninism.

The librarian, who had learned English and German in his spare time, was of course a keen Marxist-Leninist himself, and when he found out that I had been in the USSR he was anxious to have his very dim view of the Soviet Communists confirmed. "Is it also your impression," he asked, "that they are plain revisionists, and that a bourgeois strain has appeared in Soviet society?" He beamed when I said this was one of my impressions from visiting and reading about the USSR, and his tone grew more and more bitter as he heaped charge after charge on the Soviet leaders. He paused momentarily to obtain my agreement again. "Yes, by your standards they are revisionists," I said, "and it is a good thing for the peace of the world that they are." It was a mistake. He tightened up immediately. Down the steps we went, and after a rather formal farewell I was off into the hot throng of a Peking afternoon.

This is the first of three reports.

Laugh Off $11 Million?

by John R. Tunis

The following advertisement appeared last summer in the Classified section of *The New York Times.*

FOR SALE
The Yale Football Team
WXYZ Broadcasting Company
New Haven, Conn.

What did it mean? Simply that the station was trying to line up sponsors for the broadcasting and televising of the Yale eleven. Price was discreetly omitted. It is estimated at from $20,000 to $30,000 for the eight home games.

Yale was the college of Walter Camp, one of the founders of modern football. Today Yale is a better educational institution than it was in 1900. The faculty is better. The student body is more carefully chosen, hence more intelligent. The endowment runs to around $300 million. Why should Yale sell out to the hucksters for the few thousands? Perhaps the question should be asked differently. What has happened to American sport since the time of Walter Camp?

First, one observes the advent of violence in organized American athletics. Football, say the coaches, is a rugged game. Knock him down before he hits you; or else, don't come out for the team.

As far back as 1810, William Hazlitt remarked that: "Men do not become what by nature they were meant to be, but what society makes them. The generous feelings, the high propensities of the soul are, as it were, seared, violently wrenched and amputated to fit us for intercourse with the world." Following the three wars of the present century, violence permeates every game we play. The adhesive-bound fist of the football lineman, the hockey forward who ruptures his opponent's spleen (two minutes in the penalty box), the beanball and the spitball thrown by big league pitchers, the elbow under the chin of the halfback poised to throw and unable to protect himself – these violences did not exist at the time of Walter Camp. As Coach Jim (Jumbo) Elliott of the Villanova track team suggested, when watching his men fouled in a meet: "It looks as though we should supply our runners with knives." Coach Barrel Royal of the 1963 championship University of Texas eleven put it more succinctly: "The big ones always eat up the little ones." Sport breeds an aggressiveness that has infected the whole American scene.

Another difference one notices today is the increased booty attached to victory. Mark McCormick, business manager for Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player, estimates in *Sports Illustrated* that a victory in the Masters is worth more than $1 million. This has been true of course for many years. What is new are the sums involved. For because of the skills of a few athletes, a kind of vested interest in sport has arisen. This interest is represented by persons who do not in the least care for sport – only for the money. They have corrupted our games and confused our thinking about their values.

Last summer the Columbia Broadcasting System, presumably with one eye to shutting pay television out of Manhattan, bought the New York Yankee Baseball Club for $11.2 million. It was an example of the acquisitive system in all its naked purity. CBS of course will sell the Yankees for several times that sum to the

JOHN R. TUNIS's *autobiography,* A Measure of Independence, *was published this fall by Atheneum.*

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makers of toothpaste and cars, for the Yankees are still the biggest and most profitable baseball factory in the country. True, ever since Cy Young and Connie Mack, baseball has been a business, based on profits. What's different is the size of the sums involved. Winning is more important than ever.

In 1964, CBS also paid $28 million for television rights to the 14 games of the National Football League. Since Columbia made $41.8 million in its last fiscal year, this was no great strain. The sums are smaller in college sport, yet not so small either. At Ohio State, football gate receipts in 1963 were $2 million, the total taken in through sport almost $3 million. Nobody asks what a tax-free, publicly supported institution of learning is doing in the entertainment business. Or why Yankee Stadium in New York is owned by Rice Institute in Houston, Texas, nor yet what place tournament basketball has in a high-school sport program.

The sense of fun, a kind of high elation, has disappeared. When youngsters discover that sport champions need business managers, that Osuna, Emerson and Santana, three leading amateur tennis players, are paid salaries by cigarette companies, the wonder of sport vanishes. Kids hear about it, read of it. The mystery is gone from our games. This sense of mystery was there in the first World Series at the Huntington Avenue Grounds in Boston, the Pilgrims of the American League against the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League. My brother and I, nippers of 10 and 11, watched the special trains pour in from all over New England, and the "Loyal Rooters," that column of men, each with a ticket stuck in the hatband of his derby and a blue rosette on his chest. At the head was "Nuff Sed" McGreevy, a 250-pound saloon keeper; up front was the band of the First Corps Cadets playing "Tessie." No, it wasn't heaven, but as we watched the "Loyal Rooters" parade on the field, and the crowd rise cheering, we were one of them. Jimmy Breslin said it best: "Did you ever watch a kid coming up out of the subway to go to a ball game? The whole wonderful thing of being young is there. Eyes shining, feet running, pushing through those adults to get the first look at the ball park."

Now money comes first. Sports are better now, but the bigger they get the further you are from the field. I was part of that first World Series, watched the face of every player, saw his anxiety and emotion.

But aren't there more persons playing games and sports than ever before? There are, indeed. (There are more persons with money and more leisure in this country than during Walter Camp's life, too.) But as Herbert Warren Wind remarked: "Today the ordinary game of golf and tennis or the informal sailing race has become . . . less a path of recreation than an expressway for releasing frustration in a display of superiority. Friendly competition has given way to purposeful gamesmanship." From the top down, sport is aggressive. No, not always, not with everyone. But too often and with too many.

One change in our sport, and a good one, is that sport has opened to everyone. Maybe you need to be a millionaire to be President, yet in organized sport the man or woman who delivers reaches the top. Since the arrival of Jackie Robinson at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn in 1947, the barriers have fallen fast, and increasing numbers of Negroes have come into sport. Here, let me hazard a guess. In 10 or 15 years, most of our professional and much amateur sport will be dominated by Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Not only are they natural athletes, with unusual coordination. More important, they are hungry.

Another great difference in sport today and 60 years ago is the growth of watching. Millions of Americans sit entranced every week before the Derby, a Rose Bowl game, a World Series, the Masters or the Open. This audience is so important that the television industry has supplanted the Amateur Athletic Union, the Baseball Commissioner (a feebly frustrated individual named Ford Frick), the United States Golf Association as well as the two football leagues. Television in its new role is the owner and dictator of American sport. As a result, our sport is run by the entertainment industry for its own profit. Sport is on sale to the highest bidder. It is a weapon in the hands of the network presidents, as Sylvester Weaver, head of Subscription Television in Los Angeles is discovering. Had the Los Angeles Dodgers won the National League pennant, the Yanks controlled by CBS could have refused Weaver broadcasting rights for his pay television on the coast.

To raise doubts about American sport and the path it has taken during the present century is spitting on the flag. Proceed at your own risk, because sport in recent times has become our universal religion. Everyone is a true believer. American men are, at any rate. Go to a party the night the Bears play the Packers, and the room will soon be empty of males. They are all in the den watching the game.

If it wasn't sacrilegious (and if we had a sense of humor) we'd laugh at the dog-bores, the horse-bores, the golf- and football-bores to whom their particular pastime is the vital thing of all human existence. But how can an American laugh off $11 million? Besides, if there were any humor in our games, or if we were able to survey our sporting scene as it appears to the English, the Japanese or the Europeans, we wouldn't be true-blue, red-blooded, white American sportsmen. Nor top dog in about every sport on earth, either.

That's important, too. It surely is to the program director of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

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Why Are Doctors Out of Step?

by Louis Lasagna

Item: Recently, a West Coast neurologist was unable to join his local county medical society because the organization, heavily infiltrated with John Birchers, insists that all members take a loyalty oath. The neurologist, formerly a Goldwater Republican, refused on principle. He found himself without hospital privileges and had to resort to the law to regain them. Now he is almost without income. He depends for his livelihood on referrals from other physicians, and there has been an almost total boycott of his services by the local doctors. He might have legal recourse against the medical society, but does not have the kind of funds to undertake such litigation, and will probably be forced to move to another community.

Item: A poll of my medical school class, on the fifteenth anniversary of our graduation, posed the question: "What do you consider the greatest challenge to medicine today?" A large number responded: "Socialized medicine."

Item: A committee that was formed last summer to send physicians and other medical personnel to Mississippi, to assist out-of-state workers involved in registering Negroes, special classes for Negro children, etc., generated angry complaints from some physicians who looked on the whole incident as a simple smear of Southern doctors.

Item: The Maryland Medical and Chirurgical Faculty recently announced that it would take legal action against physicians in the state who were employed on a salaried basis by a hospital and who charged fees which were then turned over to the institution. This was described as "constricting and unprofessional" activity. The fact that such legal action, if successful, would deleteriously affect the teaching and patient-care activities of such institutions as Johns Hopkins Hospital and the Baltimore City Hospitals was apparently no deterrent.

Item: A few years ago the New York County Medical Society voted down a request to place professional fees paid to resident physicians and surgeons in a properly designated fund, under the control of the medical board of hospitals with accredited training programs, the money to be applied only to the costs ascribable to such training programs.

Item: The American Medical Association recently launched a $1 million campaign to defeat Medicare by publicizing the "benefits" already obtainable under Kerr-Mills legislation.

Item: In Indiana, Senator Birch Bayh, a Medicare supporter, had to cancel a scheduled talk before the local pharmacists association when a number of pharmacists were threatened with reprisals by physicians if they attended the talk.

Item: The American Medical Association has refused to take a firm stand in the controversy about smoking and lung cancer, stressing instead the need for "additional studies."

Item: The organization known as the American Medical Political Action Committee, a creature of the AMA and almost totally Republican in emphasis, pinned its hopes to the tattered banner of Barry Goldwater in the recent election.

Item: A Tennessee physician announced that he would no longer prescribe drugs made by Merck, Sharpe and Dohme, because its then president (John T. Connor, the new Secretary of Commerce) endorsed President Johnson. The Tennessee doctor told druggists in his area to call him before refilling any prescriptions for drugs made by this company.

All of the above incidents are disquieting to a physician who is proud of his profession and would not consider any other way of life. They show a general pattern of inflexibility, of opposition to change, of inability of the profession to lead itself or the public constructively in social issues.

Consider medical care for the aged, where the medical profession is missing a major opportunity to do the public a great service. The Kerr-Mills legislation obviously cannot provide for any but the impoverished aged. In my own state of Maryland, for example, an annual income of about $1,000 for a single person, or $1,500 for a couple, would eliminate a person from eligibility for Kerr-Mills benefits, and assets of $2,500 would also exclude a person or couple from such benefits. Clearly, aged individuals who have shown enough foresight to save even a small amount of money would be thrown on their own resources in the event of them

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contracting some sort of disabling illness.

The Medicare proposal, while in many ways more sensible, also has the deficiency that *no one knows exactly what is involved in providing total medical care to all the aged.* Some pilot experiments in urban and rural communities would be very much in order, to see how much money would be involved, how much medical and paramedical personnel would be required, how much in the way of hospital and outpatient facilities would be needed, etc. It seems extremely likely that within a year or two some sort of Medicare proposal will be passed by Congress, and the American Medical Association will awake to find itself in the position of the British Medical Association when the English National Health Scheme went into effect. Instead of helping to devise the best scheme possible, the profession seems to prefer a delaying battle which it is sure to lose, after which doctors will have to try to modify for the better a scheme formulated without their advice.

The Mississippi incident referred to raises the fundamental question of how to improve the lot of the American Negro in health matters. Non-whites in this country have a life expectancy which is seven years less than that of whites. The death rate for pneumonia and influenza is more than twice as high for Negroes as for whites, and for tuberculosis is almost four times as high. A 1960 survey showed the mortality rate for non-white infants to be almost triple that for white babies.

While the inferior health status of the American Negro is in part related to his economic status, he is worse off even in comparison with whites of the same economic and social level. The quality of medical care available to the Negro is unquestionably an important factor. There is evidence that where Negroes and whites have equal access to first-class hospitals, the differential in certain mortality rates disappears. In Minnesota, for example, infant mortality rates for Negroes and whites are identical. Unfortunately, attempts to get the AMA to state positively that discrimination in hospitals makes it impossible to give Negroes the best medical care have failed, and it is likely that Negro organizations will be forced to resort to court action to achieve their goals.

The AMA stand in regard to cigarette smoking, made even less palatable for many by the almost simultaneous announcement that the AMA had accepted $10 million from the tobacco companies to support research on the problem, indicates an amazing inability on the part of organized medicine to act on the basis of what most scientists consider overwhelming circumstantial evidence. There is a clear-cut correlation between cigarette smoking and certain diseases for which medicine has very little to offer. Lung cancer, emphysema and coronary artery disease are better prevented than cured, yet organized medicine has done very little to educate the public in this matter.

The negative stand of medical officialdom in many matters was beautifully illustrated by the testimony of a high-ranking AMA official at the Kefauver hearings on drug legislation. *The AMA considered not one thing in the bill worthy of support,* although many pharmaceutical firms had found at least segments of the bill worthy of endorsement. It is paradoxical that a 1964 poll showed 65 percent of doctors to be either completely happy with the new law and the new FDA regulations, or at least to feel that they were a step in the right direction. This is a reminder that on quite a few issues many physicians are out of sympathy with the AMA House of Delegates, or with statements made *ex cathedra* by AMA officials. (I do not deny that on many points the majority of American physicians are heartily in accord with the official AMA stand.)

There is unquestionably a need for some other kind of society or organization so that the substantial number of physicians who would like to express themselves other than through the AMA might have a voice. If a two-party system makes for national strength in our politics, a two-medical-association system ought to provide the public with readier access to the opinions of physicians. (There is, of course, the National Medical Association, but this is almost entirely Negro in membership.) Many doctors would welcome the opportu-

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nity to show that the medical profession is capable of initiative in arriving at solutions for vital public health problems, and of modernity in political matters.

There are some heartening indications that physicians are becoming more conscious of society's needs. During the past year, I was invited by students at the University of Wisconsin and at the University of Southern California to discuss with them some of the larger problems facing the physician as a member of society and as a citizen. On these trips I have been impressed by the earnest desire of these medical students to function with a public conscience.

Also, although many physicians are Goldwaterites, many others around the country worked actively on behalf of President Johnson. In Maryland, 400 doctors' names were quickly gathered as sponsors for a letter soliciting support for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket from physicians and dentists throughout the state. The same medical society, in contrast to the AMA, recently passed a resolution stating that it would be remiss in its responsibility if it did not warn the public that cigarette smoking is a major cause of lung cancer and increases the risk of heart and respiratory disease.

Why Change?

One might nevertheless ask: Why are so many doctors hard-shelled reactionaries? There has been little research on this problem, but some possible explanations have been suggested. There is a well-known correlation between economic status and conservatism. Medical students tend to come from families that financially are significantly better off than the average. Although there are "ultra-conservatives" who are poor and millionaires who are "liberals," economic privilege does predispose to a conservative approach. (Why change the *status quo* when your own lot in life is a pretty good one?)

Then, the practitioner of medicine is a member of the shrinking body of American entrepreneurs. Most doctors continue to "run their own businesses" and are understandably opposed to interference with their economic affairs and, by generalization, to all interference. Finally, there is a tendency for medical careers to run in families, thus allowing both for a continuity of rugged individualism, and a link to a past that is, for good or ill, gone forever.

In public polls physicians continue to enjoy the respect of the public. Except for the category of Supreme Court Justice, no occupation was rated higher in public prestige in a national sampling of adults in 1963. Thus, despite certain public postures of the AMA which antagonize many laymen, there is a large reservoir of goodwill among the public which physicians could utilize in working for a better society.

How might one go about improving things? One approach would be a greater emphasis in medical school on the training of "the compleat physician." Many medical students graduate without ever becoming concerned about the costs of medical care, the availability of community services for the ill, the important unmet health needs of the public, and the problems of preventive medicine. In addition, we need a continuing and increasing emphasis on the non-factual aspects of medical training. Sir George Pickering, in his presidential address to the British Medical Association, subtitled "A Plea for the Importance of Character in Medicine," said: "In the many excellent reports on education that have appeared during the last 30 years – and some of them have actually inspired changes in curriculum – I can recollect none that deals with the preservation, let alone the enhancement, of the ethos of medicine. No one is failed because he is unkind to his patients."

There is a need for a new look at the selection of medical students. A recent report indicates that a quarter of medical students surveyed did not like working with people, rejected nonorganic forms of illness, and had a harshly critical attitude toward patients. This sort of person, although admittedly in the minority, might well be dissuaded from a career in medicine, and it seems not impossible to select out such people before they are admitted to medical school.

Clarification is needed in the minds of both the scientific and lay publics as to the importance of remaining a citizen despite one's professional calling. The editor of *Science*, Dr. Philip Abelson, recently criticized scientists and engineers for stressing such things as extremism, poverty, distribution of wealth and civil rights, when testifying before the Platform Committee of the Democratic Party. His point was that politicians already knew all about these issues, and scientists would be better off "speaking for science." This shortsighted and parochial view misses the fundamental point that at this moment in history such "nonscientific" matters as peace and human dignity are *the major issues*, tending to rip our country apart and to destroy the world, and a concern with them is the best form of enlightened self-interest. The noblest traditions of medicine associate the physician with the welfare of his patients, not with his own good. Plato, in *The Republic*, said: ". . . no physician, insofar as he is a physician, considers his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for the true physician is also a ruler having the human body as a subject, and is not a mere money-maker. . . ."

The need today is for the physician to enlarge his visual field, to think of the public as his patient, and to devote to the public weal *in toto* the same care he devotes to the sick individual. For if our society is ill, can any of its members be said to be healthy?

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The Prose He Did Not Write

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

When Robert Frost was asked to put down his ideas on poetry, or write the thread of a lecture, or catch in some form his flashes of wit and intuition with which his readings of his poetry were sprinkled, he refused. To put it down made it different, something else, something that could be argued and fought over. Not that he avoided argument, or did not relish a good fight, though he did insist on winning it, and having his own way.

Selected Letters of Robert Frost
Edited by Lawrence Thompson
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10)

In 1936 in a letter to the Secretary of The Academy of Arts and Letters he declined to write a tribute to Edwin Arlington Robinson: "I am not a practiced prose writer and prose costs me a good deal. I have learned to leave well-enough alone." He greatly admired Robinson among few of his contemporaries, and said so in the preface he wrote for Robinson's posthumous volume *King Jasper*. They were close kin, he felt, and "only parted company over the badness of the world." Robinson's world was more defeatist. To the end Frost fought off writing prose. He declined academic approaches which dealt with lecturing. He did accept the Charles Eliot Norton Chair at Harvard, with apprehensive pride, and taught courses at Michigan, Amherst, and Dartmouth, but they held a dark cloud of anxiety for him because they might lead to writing set prose pieces for eventual publication. Before a talk or reading he never made notes, and preferred to eat dinner alone. "Talking," he said, "is a hydrant in the yard and writing is a faucet upstairs in the house. Opening the first takes all the pressure off the second." But how he enjoyed opening the first at the right moment, for spontaneous philosophic remarks and poetic wisecracks that were born in the air, somewhere between the poem he was reading and the expectation of his audience.

His refusal to become a writer in prose was linked, I believe, not only to his primary ambition to be a poet, but also to his feeling that there was so little precious time in life for creation, time to listen with an inward ear, to use his aural imagination, to capture the words, the sounds that became a poem. He would admonish the younger writer to give everything he had to poetry, not to dissipate it in writing prose, no matter how good or how learned. Be a poet first and always. He lived up to this ideal in his own life. In a humble mood in one of his letters he hoped that he might lodge a few poems where they would "stick like burrs," and prove hard to get rid of. What he wrote is now a part of the American consciousness, the American language and image, the American wisdom. Unlike William Carlos Williams, Frost did not set out to write in "the American Grain." But what he called his "sentence sounds" belong in the overtones of great poetry: his colloquialisms: "I have been one acquainted with the night"; his pastoral images: "my long scythe whispering to the ground"; or such bitter observations as: "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

The outline of struggle and achievement is unfolded here simply and frankly. Turning different sides of his personality, he shows sometimes a sly imagination, mischief and malice, vanities and resentments, even occasional cruelty. This is not an inward-looking diary like Bernard Berenson's, which is self-conscious and self-analytical; or like Dag Hammerskjold's, the record of a man of action, though sensitive and mystical. But the entries form together the portrait of an extremely human being, who recognized the forces within himself working for both creation and destruction – "the evil born of good and the good born of evil." Frost remains a Yankee, Jovian only in the creation of his poems.

The friendly image of a good gray poet – the handsome head and clear blue eyes, the easy approach in a broad semblance of kindness, the serenity and warmth, the charm, the humor and enthusiasm for living – all these contrast sharply with what the letters reveal. Lawrence Thompson, a long time friend of Frost, and his designated biographer, reminds us that the majority of his readers misunderstood the apparent "artlessness" of the poems. Failing to comprehend the skill and effort, the art that conceals art, in what he wrote, they also did not penetrate below the surface of a complicated personality. Frost protected his often painful sensitivity by creating dramatic masks for himself. And when he says, in a letter to John Bartlett, "I have written to keep the over-curious out of the secret places of my mind both in verse and my letters," he gives us a key to understanding that few people possessed during his lifetime.

It was near the end of his life – when prizes and honors had been heaped upon him – that a speech by a penetrating critic, who called his poems "terrifying," created a small literary tempest. Yet Lionel Trilling's remarks at an 85th birthday dinner for Frost touched accurately on the hidden elements, the sense of tragedy when he called Frost's universe a "terrifying" place. Started by J. Donald Adams in *The New York Times*, there was a barrage in defense of the poet. A few months later Frost wrote cheerfully to Trilling: "No sweeter music can come to my ears than the clash of arms over my dead body when I am down." Trilling had also saluted him as "Sophoclean," as a poet whom the Greek people loved because he made plain to them the harsh things of life, and only a poet who understood this could give them any enduring comfort.

These letters disclose the angles of his

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personal struggle against early poverty and indifference, his Yankee energy and industry to promote his work and later his own fortunes. He was not above knowing the value in dollars of a manuscript or collection of letters. To Louis Untermeyer he could always write freely, without a mask, either in periods of elation at his own success, in an imaginative mood, when he described the power he had over trees – "they have learned that they have to come when I play to them"; or sulking, raging at suspected rivals or "enemies" – the critics Horace Gregory and Richard Blackmur; or deep in lack of self-confidence – "I weary so of cutting back the asparagus bed of my faults." John Bartlett gave him steady friendship and sympathy to the end. Yet when Bartlett died, and his wife Margaret, knowing her own death by cancer was imminent, begged to be allowed to edit and publish Frost's and her husband's letters, Frost refused. He begged her to wait till he was dead. The request came at a moment (1947) when he had been interviewed too much, photographed and painted, and "could not bear to wear his heart on his sleeve for the public again." He praised her fortitude in the face of approaching death, "if I seem to speak with the least coolness, I have caught the tone from your courage." Where his inner dignity was concerned he was not easily moved.

The course of his life holds extreme contrasts, from the unknown young poet who, with a gambler's instinct, pulled up stakes and went to England in 1912, receiving there, in a stimulating literary circle, what he needed, friendship and the recognition which he had not had at home, to the wise old poet, universally acclaimed, whose words on the air mingled with the vision of a young President in 1961. All the troubling conflicts of temperament fall into proportion, swept away in recognition of the strong character, an egotist like all great artists, who had hewn out his own place, at times with a broadaxe.

He had reason to write to Untermeyer in 1917 "the conviction closes in on me that I was cast for gloom, as the sparks fly upward." In his own immediate family sorrow, illness, death followed each other; the insanity of his younger sister, Jeanie, haunted him; the neurosis and finally suicide of his son Carol in 1940, and the death of his wife 25 years before his own, left him with a father's sense of guilty remorse ending in bitter loneliness. Finally he grew to accept his trials as evidence of his strength.

From a devout mother he had inherited an undefined religious belief. But he was ever a non-conformist, belonging to no sect, and treating religious notions with skepticism or quiet derision. One cannot always judge what Frost's "God" signifies in a poem, it may be a sense of the mystery inherent in life, and in nature:

> There would be more than ocean-water broken
> Before God's last *Put out the Light* was spoken.

Or he could express a friendly or casual relationship with this by no means unhuman Being:

> Forgive O Lord my little jokes on Thee,
> And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.

But he had other views of God, and questioned whether his "best offering may not prove acceptable in His sight."

The "best offering" was two-fold, the poetry and the public figure of the poet. From the earliest days of his writing he was concerned with the place of the poet in American life. Slowly he built it up in his own image. In one mood he could even say that his whole anxiety for himself was as a performer, and he worked to perfect his relationship with his listeners. This combination of wisdom and informality was a lasting gift to his students.

These letters, as their editor reminds us, are the raw material for a biography of Frost; they give us the fabric of his thought. They are the ideas he did not want to write out in his lifetime. They give us his masculine vigor – "I thank the Lord for crudity, which is rawness, which is raw material, – I want the unmade words to work with, not the familiar made ones"; and the definition of his art – "a poem begins as a lump in the throat – a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a love sickness."

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Escape from the Automobile

by Wolf Von Eckardt

We are on the threshold of new developments in public transportation. A high-speed, electronically automated monorail vehicle, for instance, has already been endorsed by the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies. New techniques of tunneling are promised. The new modes of commuting to and from work may come into use with the same speed with which, say, television proliferated after the war.

The Heart of Our Cities – The Urban Crisis: Diagnosis and Cure
by Victor Gruen
(Simon and Schuster; $8.50)

It would be unrealistic, nevertheless, to assume that we will abandon the automobile altogether or even to any more substantial degree than we abandoned radio in favor of television. There is nothing in sight that will supersede the motor car as the most versatile and convenient private mode of taking us where we want to go, except possibly a small vehicle still being tested, the hovercraft. This gadget, however, only replaces wheels with air cushions and can thus travel on any kind of road surface. Hovercraft will require as much road and parking space as automobiles do now, which is about 125 times more in cubic feet, standing or moving, than do people on foot.

Nor is anything in sight apt to supersede the city as an essential, efficient, stimulating and productive market place for goods, ideas and human intercourse. Some planners have been talking about abandoning the inner city ever since Ebenezer Howard, shocked about London slums at the turn of the century, proposed turning them into parks and settling their inhabitants in new Garden Cities. Percival Goodman, for instance, looking at the frustrating though glorious mess that is New York, advocated this course just a few days ago. E. A. Gutkind speaks for a school of thought which, with a kind of horrified *Schadenfreude*, considers the dissolution of the city center inevitable since, after all, we can all soon jet and race to any old place in no time at all and communicate with one another via closed circuit television and such.

Fortunately, however, the human herd instinct shows strong signs of defying these scientific "inevitabilities." Electronic communication or not, people like to be physically close to other people. In fact, we are again beginning to appreciate our three-thousand-year-old investment in the civilized and civilizing cultivation of cities as a good way of life. Most of us have come around to agreeing with President Johnson: "Our society will never be great until our cities are great."

The task, then, is not to indulge in idle fantasies about abandoning either cities or automobiles, but to put our minds to ways of finding a modus vivendi for their coexistence. This is precisely what Victor Gruen does in his *The Heart of Our Cities*.

Most city planning bureaus, unfortunately, do not. They are dominated by what Gruen calls the "traffickists," who press relentlessly for the total victory of the automobile which, of course, means the annihilation of the city and the unconditional surrender of the pedestrian. They are obsessed with "facilitating" automobile traffic with monstrous freeways, narrowed sidewalks, electronic signals, the rape of parks, the destruction of buildings and the displacement of families, usually those who can least afford it.

This "facilitation" only brings more automobile traffic into the heart of the city to the point where two-thirds of downtown Los Angeles, for instance, is already given over to cars, their roads, parking lots, garages and gas stations. As a consequence, there is less and less left to go to downtown once you've finally found a parking place. And it has come to the point in urban America where you can take a walk without becoming suspect only if you attach yourself to a dog.

Victor Gruen's remedy is twofold: He would separate people from cars in the inner city, reminding us that Leonardo da Vinci already proposed tunneling vehicular traffic to preserve the face of the earth and its fresh air to people who like to enjoy it. And he would sort out vehicular movement according to its destination and the best method of getting there.

If your destination is only a mile away or less, Gruen would have you walk or provide you with a noiseless, slow-moving electric cart or minibus which doesn't interfere with pedestrians. Up to two miles, he'd give you special roads for small buses, taxis or moving belts with seats on them. (One such conveyance operated with great success at the Swiss National Fair at Lausanne last summer.) Up to five miles he'd provide special expressways for cars, trucks and rails. Longer distances require freeways and railroads which would run not through but between settlements and would have terminals outside the heart of the city.

This pattern of arteries and capillaries for unobstructed movement also provides a clear and desirable structure for our presently amorphous cities and metropolitan areas. It would organize them into cells or nuclei like other organic bodies. Its heart would be the metropolitan core – the downtown area – surrounded by towns which are made up of several communities. These in turn consist of several neighborhoods. Each of these – core, town, community and neighborhood – would have its own pedestrian center: a pleasant walking environment with greenery, benches, flowers, fountains, pools, kiosks, statues, playgrounds and all the rest. Surrounding them would be the commercial, educational, religious, social, cultural and administrative buildings that each of them needs and can support. You get your bread and elementary schooling in the neighborhood store, your more varied goods and high school education in the community and town centers, and your specialties, opera and university downtown.

Each of these nuclei is separated from the other by surrounding transportation arteries, lined with parks. The transportation capillaries feed into them. Cars are stored on the fringe of the centers in underground and multi-deck garages.

This is no pipe dream. This structure can be brought into the existing city almost as easily as the present chaos can be perpetuated. Victor Gruen is

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no woolly utopian. Trained in Vienna as an architect, he came here in 1938 and by the ruling standards of our society he deserves being listened to: he made out and makes money. His proposals, in fact, as he somewhat ruefully admits in his rather rambling book, are not entirely the product of his own ingenuity.

The aforementioned Ebenezer Howard already advanced them and *he*, in turn, was inspired by several urban theoreticians before him. You can go and see the essence of Gruen's approach realized and at work in various scales and dimensions at Coventry, Rotterdam and a dozen or so other cities both in Western Europe and the United States.

But what does it matter that Victor Gruen is neither the first nor the only city planner who would return the city to people? The right idea often crops up simultaneously in many places at once until, imperceptably, similar currents of thought merge into a new mainstream that makes action a matter of course. What's more, form still follows function, despite all the silly semantic quibbling about this dictum. Those who agree on the proper function of the city will also agree on the form which best accommodates it. In this country, with his plan for Fort Worth, Texas, of 1956, Gruen was the first to apply this form to a living city. Fort Worth hasn't bought his idea yet. But Gruen has been selling it ever since. You've got to sell, sell, sell – sell soft and sell hard, sell with reason and sell with emotion – to get anything done in this country.

And Gruen – praised be Mercurius and all other money-grubbing gods! – will probably succeed in recapturing for us the lost but essential human values, pleasures and experiences of the agora. He may yet put urban Americans back on their own two feet, simply because he was able to sell some of our merchants on the idea that they can move their goods faster if they keep cars away from their doorsteps. His delightful pedestrian malls spell not only a renaissance of urban culture. They are also a better mousetrap.

The customers are beating that path to the stores of his famous shopping centers, notably Northland near Detroit and Southdale near Minneapolis. At Midtown Plaza in Rochester, New York, and on more than a mile of pedestrian malls, complete with untangled traffic, fringe parking and electric cars in downtown Fresno, California, Gruen has also proven that both culture and mousetrap work in the existing city.

The customers do more than shop. The outdoor and indoor public spaces in these new centers are filled day in and day out with meetings, lectures, music, amateur theatrical performances, art displays, competitions, folk dancing, and what have you. "The quiet, protected pedestrian areas proved to be the fulfillment of pent-up demands and desires for which no opportunity had previously existed," writes Gruen.

On similar new pedestrian downtown malls in Stockholm and Copenhagen last summer, I saw guitar playing students from as far away as Spain, England and Brooklyn entertaining clusters of people with their folk songs. They supported their travels that way like medieval ministrels. What's more, they sang well and the experience was sheer, heartwarming delight. When their pretty, local girl friends came around to collect, everyone dug gratefully into his pocketbook. Other artists chalked paintings on the sidewalk or displayed their watercolors. It could happen here.

Fountains and street singers and amateur photo contests downtown, or even a rational approach to the traffic problem alone won't rid us of slums and crime or help the poor to decent housing. But neither does slum clearance alone. We cannot limit our efforts merely to the repair of damage already done. We must make the whole city economically and sociably viable and attractive for all income groups and that takes a comprehensive attack which must include housing and new towns and regional planning.

But Gruen is right that the problem of the urban core is the core of the urban problem.

Gruen's book, written in simple though not exactly terse and polished language, is a welcome boost for this concept. It appears at the right time. We are just beginning to wonder whether a guitar-playing student on a car-free street might not contribute more to the public happiness than our ability to drive smack up to the front door of the television repair shop.

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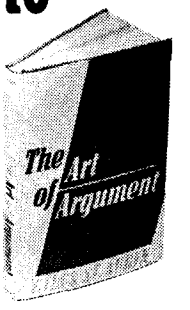

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LITTLE, BROWN BOSTON

Reviving the Two-Party System

by Gerald W. Johnson

If the Democratic Party stands for everything, how can the Republican Party stand for anything? To this question – "thing" being, of course, construed in both cases as popular thing – Robert J. Donovan has addressed himself with a certain measure of success, but without any attempt to set up as Sir Oracle. It is, indeed, no rank distortion of Mr. Donovan's intention to amend his title to read, "The Future, if Any, of the Republican Party."

The Future of the Republican Party
by Robert J. Donovan
(New American Library; $3.95)

Donovan is a newspaper reporter, which is to say an observer, not an active participant in politics. He established a reputation for candor with his *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, eight years ago, and he sustains that reputation in this examination of the wreckage of the GOP. It is not to be termed unqualified candor; Donovan is always discreet; but he is not handicapped by the inhibition that makes it impossible for an active politician to proclaim the obvious. Thus he frankly dismisses as romantic moonshine all dreams of a swift and facile recovery. He notes that Goldwater lost eight million voters who were willing to accept Nixon and he concedes that some inducement must be offered if they are to be brought back into the Republican fold, nor can he see that the party at this moment has any inducement to offer.

More interesting is his exploration of the depth to which the disaster reached. Goldwater, it is generally admitted, captured the nomination by ignoring Senators and Governors and going after county chairmen – the grass-roots appeal. But November 3 scorched the grass-roots. "Incredible," Donovan calls it, but it is a fact that in New York state every county went Democratic, even Westchester. This means that in Nassau alone the Republicans lost 125 jobs, and throughout the state the county organizations were left with nothing to offer the faithful.

This means that the job of reconstruction will have to begin at the bottom, which presumably means that it will require time and patience. Indeed, the one bright hope of the party is that the Democrats will soon perpetrate a folly as egregious as the nomination of Goldwater.

Mr. Donovan, however, skirts around the heart of the Republican error. His extremism defeated Goldwater. That is obvious; but Donovan is too discreet to point out that it defeated him because it convinced two-thirds of the voters that he is an intellectual lightweight. It is improbable that any voter in the United States believes that Lyndon Johnson's brain is massive enough to sink the Queen Mary, but at least he has *some* common sense. At this juncture in world affairs even ordinarily rabid Republicans were not willing to send to the White House a man who seemed completely out of touch with modern times. They were presented, not with a choice but an echo – an echo of Winfield Scott, "Old Fuss-and-Feathers," the last candidate presented by the dying Whig party.

Mr. Donovan asserts – rather grimly, but resolutely – that the two-party system will survive. It would be easy to assent if he had said "revive." It did not survive after 1816, or 1852; but it revived in 1828 and in 1856, although the Federalist Party and the Whig Party remained interred. As of this moment the two-party system is dead, but that it will rise again is a moral certainty. Democratic folly might revive it as early as 1968, especially if it were assisted by a bit of Republican sapience. Yet, failing both, within a few years it will revive, if need be under a new alignment with a new name.

The lesson of 1964, in short, is that the American electorate, for all its divagations from sanity, does have political maturity enough to tell a hawk from a handsaw.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Katherine Garrison Chapin *is the author of* The Other Journey. Wolf Von Eckardt's *newest book is* The Challenge of Megalapolis.

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FILMS

Conjugations of Love

Love, still making the world go round, still makes the rounds of the cinema world. In France, for example, it seems that one can win the Grand Prize at the Cannes Festival by taking one of the oldest of French film love stories and pasting on a new technical gimmick – letting all the characters sing their dialogue instead of speaking it. The story of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* is the

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (Landau)
Father Goose (Universal)
To Love (Prominent)
Contempt (Embassy)

one about the boy and the girl who are too idyllic to be careful, and when he is forced to go away before they can marry (this time it's the Army), she discovers just exactly how careless she has been. Practical *Maman*, not wasting much time on shock, sets out to find a man who will be broadminded enough to marry her daughter anyway. Years later, the girl and the boy, now both married, meet briefly, to squeeze out about 12 cc. of *tristesse* before they part again forever. It all proves that no nation can manufacture synthetic national goods like the nation itself. The worst "French-type" shoddy comes from France.

The tired material might possibly have been freshened by sparkling music and direction, but Michel Legrand's score is wingless, and Jacques Demy, who made *Lola* and *Bay of the Angels*, is one of the least stimulating directors in the recent New Wave. As the girl, Catherine Deneuve has some moments of sweetness but none of distinction. The only really remarkable point is that the film won the 1964 International Catholic Cinema Award.

Father Goose, with Cary Grant and Leslie Caron, is the Hollywood counterpart of the French product – a thickly upholstered, high-powered Cadillac of the love-film business, as against Demy's attempt at a jaunty little Simca. By now Grant is a major minor American industry, and his vehicles have a slight smell of protective oil-film on them when they are uncrated – intricate mechanisms that have been carefully planned on huge drawing boards and constructed just as carefully all the way down the line.

The story, reminiscent of Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*, takes place in that area in 1941 as the Japanese advance. When the Australians withdraw from the islands off their coast, they leave coast-watchers, one of whom is an American ex-professor who had fled there some years before to escape civilization. His code name on the naval radio is Mother Goose. By a series of accidents he becomes the ward of some schoolgirls, escaping with Leslie Caron. Despite this, there are some quite funny lines. Grant makes a strong effort, partly successful, to subdue his usual sleek self in the whiskery curmudgeon; even when the gloss shines through, he is still a very skillful performer. Miss Caron can no longer rely on youthful charm to carry her over the gaps in her acting ability.

Jorn Donner is a Swedish Finn of 31, already the author of eleven books and two films, both of the latter with the appealing and talented Swedish actress Harriet Andersson. The second, *To Love*, has an interesting impulse behind it: Donner wanted to make a love film as a poet writes a love lyric, celebrating the state rather than, in any great measure, telling a story. Donner does not succeed because an hour-and-a-half of sheer lyricism is not demonstrably possible; the picture sags into occasional tedium and, what is perhaps more reprovable, occasional cuteness; but he has notable fluency in cinema language as such. There is a nice sense of authorship, a man holding the techniques and resources in his hand as if they constituted a pen or brush and inscribing the screen with his feelings. This despite the fact that he has by no means developed as yet a clear personal idiom.

The story concerns a young Stockholm widow who was married to an older man and who, through an affair with a Pole, discovers retroactively that she never really knew what love was. In effect, she returns to life without ever having been there before. The Pole is played by Zbigniew Cybulski with somewhat faded young-stallion energy, the widow by Miss Andersson with a kind of frank sensual innocence that, for much of the time, makes her discoveries ours.

Those interested in Brigitte Bardot's behind – in Cinemascope and color – will find ample rewards in *Contempt*. Jean-Luc Godard's film seizes every chance to display Miss Bardot nude and prone to suggestion. The story, adapted from Moravia's *A Ghost at Noon*, deals with a French couple in Rome. He is a screenwriter hired to revise a script of *The Odyssey* for an American producer; the producer wants the wife; she develops contempt for her husband because she has the impression that he does not object to her humoring his boss.

The film moves fairly quickly for about the first half hour. Then follows a scene in which the husband and wife, moving innumerable times from bedroom to bathroom to living room, debate whether or not they should accept the producer's invitation to Capri. I suggest that this sequence, which seems

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to run about twenty minutes, can serve in all film schools as an archetype of arrant egotism and bankrupt imagination in a director. Godard has nothing to say here that could not have been done in about three minutes. He has deliberately spun it out, ostensibly to recreate the languor of one kind of marital quarrel but really (in my view) to draw approval from his *clique*. They are basically impressed, I believe, more with the nonchalance with which he treats an expensive medium than with any intrinsic achievement. Underneath the arty prattle about his supposed style, one can hear their subconscious gasps: "That film must cost so-and-so many thousands of dollars a minute! Any commercial hack would be concerned to make each minute count for something. But Jean-Luc doesn't *care!*" The hidden referrent here is not aesthetic but budgetary bravado.

In an early scene there are some striking shots of Greek statuary, which suggest that a parallel between mythology and the story is to be attempted. It is not. Jack Palance, who looks like Attila and acts worse, plays the producer. The one piquant element is the performance of Fritz Lang, as a director; although the part quickly becomes the stereotyped mid-European sage that we all came to know in this country in the post-Hitler years, full of *gedaempfte* wisdom and quotations, Lang nevertheless has some richness of personality.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The Snoops

Sirs:

I have just finished reading James Ridgeway's very enlightening article on "The Snoops" (December 19). What was of particular interest to me was the article's mention of the Labor Department's Youth Opportunity Program, since it puts me in mind of my own experiences in connection with this program, experiences which I believe it would be of some value to relate.

To begin with, I took the examination for the position of Counselor-Aide on June 27, here in Cleveland. I had little initial hope of being accepted, since I knew that I was one of 23,000 individuals taking the examination for some 2,100 positions, and that these 2,100 would have to survive a rigorous screening process. I was therefore all the more surprised when on July 18 I received a telegram telling me that I had been accepted for training at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn. So far, so good.

By the time I was able to arrive in Nashville, the training program had already been in progress for almost two weeks, and I was hard put to catch up. (And need I add that the devilishly hot weather which is customary in that part of the country in midsummer didn't make it any easier.) Nevertheless I was able to assimilate the course material with surprising rapidity, and to score respectably high grades in my first examinations. One would have thought that here would have been an end to the matter.

But that is apparently never the case in any kind of government program. Towards the end of my first week there, I was approached and told that I had to take a personality test. This was news to me, since I hadn't heard a thing about it before. I took the test, which contains the same highly embarrassing personal questions which Mr. Ridgeway mentions.

Two days later, the administrator of the test, a Dr. Tomes, called me into his office and told me that the test showed that I had "psychological problems." I asked him to elaborate. "Well," he said, "the test shows that you have difficulties in getting along with people. You have a tendency to feel uncomfortable in their presence, and to make them feel uncomfortable." This was also news to me, since I regarded my relationships with my fellow trainees as quite pleasant, on the whole, and was not aware of any quarrels with any of them. I told him this. "Well," he said, "I've observed you since you arrived on the campus, and I find that you keep to yourself too much. You don't seem to have formed any close attachments." My big mistake, as I see it now, was in not at this point objecting as strongly as I could to this kind of "Big Brother" tactics. At any rate, the upshot was that I was "requested" to see a psychiatrist the next day, and told he would determine my fitness to continue in the program.

The psychiatrist told me that he found me to be "a kind, warmhearted person, but one who is nevertheless a bit unsure of himself in dealing with people." I left his office feeling good, since I thought that this meant that I would be allowed to continue in the program, but would be considered for an administrative phase of the work, rather than for a direct counseling position. Therefore I was all the more dumbfounded when, four days after that, Dr. Tomes called be back into his office, and asked me how I would feel about dropping out of the program. I protested vigorously, telling him about my good academic record and my hopes for an administrative position. "Well, you would still have to deal with people," he said dogmatically, "and you can't do that." I told him that, nevertheless, I still wasn't dropping out voluntarily. "Well," he said, "the assessment panel meets here next week. I'll put it to them and see what they decide."

The conclusion of the whole matter was that, on August 17, I found myself on a plane headed back to Cleveland. I had been there just a little over three weeks. I had been forced to drop out of a course of study which I had found to be very stimulating, and to terminate some rewarding friendships (at least temporarily) and all because of some extremely questionable findings as to my "personality."

I might add that these lugubrious experiences have not dampened my ardor for the cause of Civil Rights, or dulled my belief in the desirability of the anti-poverty program. . . . But I still fear that such programs, as fine as they may be in themselves, will never get off the ground if the government shows by its attitude that it prefers well-adjusted mediocrities to administer them.

It might be tempting to speculate just what the results might have been if all our Presidents had been required to take personality tests before entering the White House. I suspect that Abraham Lincoln would have flunked, while that genial extrovert, Warren G. Harding, would have passed with flying colors.

Arthur J. Goodman
Cleveland, Ohio

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